

August 2019

Nothing!

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk



Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Nothing!" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1303.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/1303

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.

NOTHING!

Sung by CLIFF RYLAND.

Oh, what a terrible life this is! there's nothing to do but live!
Nothing to grow but pimples, warts, and whiskers round your 'chiv,'
What's the good of your optics when there's nothing to see but sights?
And when you get in the dark, you know, there's nothing to light
but lights.

When your broke on Monday morn, there's nothing to do but sub,
No matter how hungry you may be, there's nothing to eat but grub,
Nothing to think but thoughts—nothing but clothes to wear;
Nothing to drink but something wet, nothing to breathe but air.

Chorus—Nothing! Nothing!

What is the reason why
When you get to the end of your life,
There's nothing to do but die?
Nothing to do but die,
Nothing to do but die
When you get to the end of your life
There's nothing to do but die!

When you go for a stroll, you know, there's nothing to do but walk;
When you want to speak to a pal, there's nothing to do but talk.
Hens are no good making a book, they've nothing to lay but eggs;
And when you've got your trousers on, there's nothing inside but legs.
Nothing inside a sausage roll, nothing but wind and meat;
Nothing inside your boots and socks but feet, feet, feet.
When the pubs are shut, there's nowhere to go but bed;
Nothing to chew with your teeth, nothing to bury but dead.

Chorus—Nothing! nothing!

Nothing, alas! slack!
It makes me wild when I go out,
There' nowhere to come but back.
Nowhere to come but back,
Nowhere to come but back,
It makes me wild when I go out,
There's nowhere to come but back.

When you court a pretty girl there's nothing to kiss but face;
Nothing to do but draw your oof when your horse has won the race;
If you take a pinch of snuff there's nothing to do but sneeze;
And down at Margate you'll find there's nothing to catch but fleas.
The clock I bought some days ago has nothing to do but tick;
If you puts your pants on a pound of paste there's nothing to do but
stick.

If you're riding a bike there's nowhere to fall but off;
If you swallow a bad cigar there's nothing to do but cough.

Chorus—Nothing! nothing!

Nothing to spend but "quids";"
If you want to be a family man
There's nothing to have but kids.
Nothing to have but kids,
Nothing to have but kids.
If you want to be a family man,
There's nothing to have but kids.